

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, May 25, 1899, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1331 Connecticut Avenue. Thursday, May 25th 1899. My dear Alec:

I ought to be going on with my work, Miss Safford, the typewriter is busy behind me, and I feel that I must keep pouring stuff out to her if I die for it. But I'll give you a few minutes and not grudge them either!

Isn't the picture of O! Haru San lovely? I am wild to get her back but for reasons unnecessary to mention thought best some days ago to send her to the dog doctor to be cared for. This dog doctor seems to be quite a character. I wanted Daisy to go for the dog this morning but she objected because her eyes are swollen and puckered up, and she wanted to look her best when she went to see Dr. French? He is said to be the younger son of an English nobleman, anyway he holds diplomas in veterinary science of McGill Coll., Canada and one of the German Universities, and he has a dog hospital out of town that is one of the sights of Washington. He is very good-looking, tall and broad shoulders, and all the children have "crushes" on his notwithstanding the fact that he has a wife, who I believe is in Society. Marian's eyes and head have been troubling her lately, so I took her to Dr. Wilmer, who said that she has taken a cold which affected the muscles of her eyes, as the muscles of other parts of the body are affected by cold some times, as for instance when one has a "stiff neck." She cannot focus them, and for two or three days she has been unable to see anything clearly, and my short-sighted glasses while not right helped her to see. The doctor says some 2 drops he has given her will fix them all right.

We had a box to see the fireworks last night. The battle of Santiago harbor was quite realistic, much smoke, powder, noise, fire and colored lights. Real soldiers and marines marched and countermarched under the glare of colored lights, knelt and fired, lay down

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and fired, stood up and fired, ran and fired, ships blew up with great noise of explosion, great display of colored fires, and a general sensation as if we were in the midst of a very fierce battle from which there was no possible escape from death by burning or shooting. I enjoyed it.

The photographs were developed in Mr. McCurdy's box, before the recent improvement was made, you will notice that the foreground is not quite perfect (of the one with the carriage,) or perhaps you won't. One or two other of the pictures showed the markings more plainly, still they were all better than what could be done when you left.

Will sometime be,

Yours, Mabel.